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THE SAMUEL W. BOWNE MEMORIAL GATEWAY FROM THE STREET

Published by  
Drew Theological Seminary  
Madison, New Jersey

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# DREW SEMINARY BULLETIN

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VOLUME IX    MADISON, N. J., DECEMBER, 1921    NUMBER 4

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## DEDICATION OF THE BOWNE MEMORIAL GATEWAY

The Bowne Memorial Gateway, which was built during the past summer and was dedicated October 27, is the new entrance to the new Drew. It is the gift of Mrs. Samuel W. Bowne, of New York City, in memory of her greatly beloved husband, one of the most devoted friends Drew has ever had, and its most generous benefactor up to the present time. Mrs. Bowne also is deeply interested in the Seminary and has already made several important contributions.

All former Drew students will recall the stone gate houses, which stood on either side of the main entrance to the Seminary campus, and which seemed so essentially a part of the old estate purchased in 1867 by Daniel Drew, Esq., and given to the Methodist Episcopal Church for a theological school. Around these small stone houses clustered the sentiment not only of hundreds of students but also of the people of Madison, who looked upon them with pride and veneration, and when they learned that they were to be taken down to make way for a more modern and essentially academic entrance to the grounds of a great educational institution expressed their regret and disapproval more or less forcibly. But the change was inevitable. The coming in and going out of automobiles was attended with not a little danger, and for a number of years it has been seen that a wider and less dangerous entrance was imperatively needed. The generous gift of Mrs. Bowne has made this possible, and the result is not only a better entrance but a more suitable entrance. Moreover the stately, imposing gateway is so beautiful, and so fitting, that universal approval has been given to it.

The Gateway was designed by Mr. Harry J. Carlson, of Collidge and Carlson, Architects, 89 State Street, Boston, and

is in a collegiate Gothic style. The structure is something more than thirty feet in height, and about the same in width, is built of local stone, including the stones taken from the old gate houses, with a gray stone trimming, and the decorative portion of the trim is relieved by the application of gold and color. The ornamentation is rich and effective. Inscriptions and symbols have been used with striking effect. On the side facing the street are three shields, the central one being much larger than the other two, and is a combination of the shields of Oxford University, and Christ Church and Lincoln Colleges, from one of which John Wesley graduated, having been a Fellow of the other. The other shields are (1) that of the Wesley family, and (2) the well-known Crusaders shield. Beneath these is the name of the Seminary—DREW—and below this are the words: "Send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill" (Psalm 43:3). On the inner side are two Crusaders shields with their gleaming crosses, and joined by a ribbon of stone on which is the inscription "The Samuel W. Bowne Memorial Gateway," and below this the final word of appeal to every student as he leaves the beautiful Forest to enter upon his life work—"As ye go preach . . . Freely ye have received, freely give," Matt. 10:7, 8. As all Drew students know, the latter part of this, "Freely ye have received, freely give," is a motto of the school, and is carved in Greek above the entrance of the Administration Building.

The architect for decorative purposes has made free use of Christian symbols, not for effect only or chiefly, but to suggest facts, and illustrate truths. In explanation of his use of symbols, Mr. Carlson says: "A symbol is a sign of the unseen. It may be in itself trivial, barbarous, or even repellant, but nevertheless from the associations connected with it, it is the sign of something higher than meets the outward eye. Symbolism employs real objects, such as the lamp, the cross, the crown, to illustrate the truth.

The great sources from whence our knowledge of Christian symbolism is derived are, from the third to the eighth centuries, the frescoes and sarcophagi in the catacombs, the mosaics in the Italian churches, and the vessels of glass pottery found in

the tombs. Later on, for another three hundred years or so we find a rich store of illustrations in the carved crosses or richly illuminated books of the Irish and Anglo-Saxon scribes; and still later the magnificent manuscripts of the Middle Ages, the profusion of sculpture, the glorious stained glass windows, the pavements of figured tiles afford us numberless other examples."

In writing concerning some of the symbols, which have been wrought out in the stone trim of the Gateway, the architect says that the Crowned Head and the different Angels explain themselves, and gives the significance of others as follows: Star and Three Magi—The Nativity; Virgin and Lilies—Purity; Fish, which is the earliest of Christian symbols, the initial anagram of the name Jesus, also emblem of water and the Sacrament of Baptism and of Christianity generally; Anchor—Hope, Firmness and Patience; Dove with Nimbus—the Holy Ghost; Shephard with Lambs—Christ, the Church; Dragon—Satan and sin; Crown, Cross, Sceptre, and Circle—the Suffering and Sovereignty of Christ for Eternity; Ox with Book—St. Luke because he especially sets forth the priesthood of Christ and the Ox signifies Sacrifice; Lion with Book—St. Mark because he begins his Epistle with the mission of St. John, "the Voice of one crying in the wilderness," also type of royal dignity (which St. Mark makes so apparent) of Christ and from an old tradition emblematical of the Resurrection, of which St. Mark is the historian.

These various symbols, together with the inscriptions and shields and some of the decorative objects have been touched with color and the whole effect is surpassingly beautiful.

The date selected for the exercises in connection with the dedication of this Memorial Gateway was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Francis Asbury and the beginning of his great itinerant career on this continent October 27, 1771. It was very fitting that this historical anniversary should have been chosen. When Drew Seminary was formally opened November 6, 1867, among those present and who spoke was the Rev. Henry Boehm, who was Bishop Asbury's traveling companion and assistant from 1808 to 1813. By his presence Boehm connected Drew directly with Asbury and that his-

torical period, and there was historical justice in his part in that great day of 1867, because our Seminary was both the logical and historical result of Asbury's work, aims and ideals.

The historical address on this occasion was given by Dr. James R. Joy, Editor of *The Christian Advocate*, and was as follows :

ADDRESS OF DR. JOY

This day on which we meet to dedicate yonder portal to this training camp for Christian soldiers, is by President Tipple's happy choice a golden date in the Methodist calendar. For this day one hundred and fifty years ago, on the 27th of October, 1771, the Rev. Francis Asbury first set foot in the country to which he was to give a lifetime of love and labor, and to whose national character he was to contribute one of its most distinguishing and vital elements. It is a date which rightfully claims rank with the landing of the Plymouth Pilgrims, one hundred and fifty years before. Indeed, so far as its formative influence upon America is concerned, it might be argued that the arrival of this obscure English peasant preacher meant more than the landing of Christopher Columbus, which underscores another famous October day.

It may be profitable at this anniversary to reflect briefly upon the significance of Asbury's arrival as revealed in his life and work through forty-two crowded years, and in the century which has elapsed since his translation. I venture on such a task with diffidence in the presence of one whose researches and writings on this theme have made the Prophet of the Long Road live again for this generation. Let us consider what the arrival of Francis Asbury brought to the feeble Methodist societies on this coast.

1. It brought a man of profound spiritual experience. The religious impressions which he had received in his boyhood from his godly mother had been deepened by assiduous cultivation. He very early obtained that "clear witness of his acceptance with God" into which he was to lead so many others. From that time he was God's man, seeking His guidance by prayer and meditation, resolutely renouncing every hindrance to his own growth in grace and laying aside every weight in order that he might press toward the mark of the prize of the high

calling of God in Christ Jesus. It meant much to the infant Methodism of America that a man of this type should come to its reinforcement at an hour that was more critical than any one then dreamed. For this man was destined to set the standard of the religious life in the most rapidly growing branch of American Protestantism through a period of years when the blight of rationalism and theism from France was to settle down upon the American continent frosting the spirituality of the older churches for a generation, and for a time threatening their very extinction.

2. Asbury's arrival brought to the scattered Methodist societies a man of rare singleness of purpose. In the intervals of his seasick misery on board the brig that bore him over the Atlantic amid equinoctial gales from Bristol Channel to the Delaware he noted in his journal on September 12, 1771 :

"I will set down a few things that lie on my mind. Whither am I going? To the New World. What to do? To gain honor? No, if I know my own heart. To get money? No. I am going to live to God and to bring others so to do," and a little later in the voyage, "I feel my spirit bound to the New World and my heart united with the people, though unknown; and have great cause to believe I am not running before I am sent. The more troubles I meet with the more convinced I am that I am doing the will of God." And on the day of his arrival in Philadelphia he wrote, "When I came near the American shore my very heart melted within me to think from whence I came, where I was going, and what I was going about." It was no new thing for Europeans to cross the sea. They had been essaying it for at least three centuries, perhaps for eight, and on the most diverse of errands. The Norseman looked to find a land of milder skies than those he knew. The Spaniard was goaded onward by greed of gold. The Portugese hunted red men and carried them back to slavery. Precious peltries were the meed of the French voyageur. The Jesuit sought to put the stamp of Holy Church upon the untutored Indian. Elizabeth's gentlemen-adventurers launched their frail barks westward to raid the Spaniard's settlements, or to plant colonies in the New World to retrieve their broken fortunes. The Huguenot and the Palatine sought asylum from Old World

tyranny. The Pilgrim and the Puritan were in quest of a place where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. It is Asbury's distinction that he came "to live to God and to bring others so to do." To that definite purpose which he recorded on shipboard clung with a tenacity, which nothing could shake, not even the storm of the Revolutionary War, which before he had been here five years made him a suspect and an alien enemy. Holding with Edith Cavell that "Patriotism is not enough," he pursued his course unwaveringly, abstaining from all partisanship during the troublous years, and at the dawn of Independence casting in his lot joyously with his adopted country, which has only just begun to awaken to the fact that he deserves a place among its truest founders. Without this unswerving purpose, clearly conceived and held firm by strong faith in God's guiding providence, it is hard to see how Methodism could have weathered the storm of war, and started hopefully upon the course of amazing expansion which was to keep pace with the growth of the republic.

3. Moreover, Asbury's coming gave our Methodism a leader who possessed the broad horizons that the times and conditions demanded. The Staffordshire gardener's son was of studious and scholarly tastes and already of some intellectual attainment though not the superior in this respect of others of his few Wesleyan brethren who had preceded him to these shores. He had no college or seminary training, and sometimes lamented to the pages of his journal his ignorance of so many things that a minister of the Gospel ought to know. By his own efforts he made himself familiar with the Greek and Hebrew so that he might read his Bible in those tongues. But his predecessors and associates were essentially "small-town men," while God had endowed him with the rare faculty of thinking in terms of continents and centuries. During the war these others, like the normal Britishers that they were, thought best to betake themselves to their island home. Not so Asbury, though the youngest and latest to arrive. His journal, though frequently mentioning secular affairs in the years of growing bitterness between the colonies and the crown, betrays no British partisanship. The writer's citizenship was written in heaven. Of Wesley's notorious anti-American pamphlet he says in 1776, "I am

truly sorry that the venerable man ever dipped into the politics of America. My desire is to live in love and peace with all men; to do them no harm but all the good I can." A little later he wrote of "the disagreeable was now spreading through the country," and concludes "all these things I still commit to God. Matters of greater perpetuity call for the exertion of my mental powers." When his British brethren announced their intention of going home, he wrote, "But I had before resolved not to depart from the work under any consideration." When hostilities were at their height in the Middle Colonies he found his itinerary much restricted and he had to submit to "dumb Sabbaths" for some months, but in his journal of these times there is never an injudicious or rancorous word. Moreover, his uninterrupted friendships with leading supporters of the American cause in Delaware and Maryland throughout this trying period show that, though an English citizen he found himself embarrassed, his conduct was void of offence. When at last in 1783 the treaty of peace was signed, he had "various exercises of mind" but makes note of neither exultation or grief. What caused him the most anxiety was that it "might make against the work of God. Our preachers will be far more likely to settle in the world, and our people, by getting into trade and acquiring wealth may drink into its spirit." Here was a man so large of vision, so unbiased by the ordinary passions and prejudices to which common men are subject, that the smoke and din of battle did not confuse or disturb him. He went straight on to his one goal. His sense of proportion was so true that the war, by which his adopted country won her independence and which cost his motherland the brightest jewel in her crown, was a negligible incident in comparison with the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world, and he gave the tremendous political convulsion little thought except as it was related to the work committed to him. To one who was accustomed to view events in such relations the birth of a new nation, thrilling with the expansive energy of youth, and reaching out ever westward over a virgin continent, was a challenging spectacle. It summoned all his powers into vigorous action. By Wesley's appointment he had been placed in charge of all the American societies. At the organization of the Methodist Episcopal

Church in Baltimore in 1784 the office of Bishop or General Superintendent came to him by vote of his ministerial brethren. From that day until his death a third of a century afterward, he was a general superintendent in the fullest sense of the word, and a special superintendent of many things as well. He saw, as no other churchman of his time saw with equal clearness, the opportunity and the responsibility that devolved upon the churches in the new era which opened before America. Traveling incessantly through the connection, mingling with all sorts and conditions of men from every section of the country, on the highways, in the inns, in private houses, and in his constantly changing congregations, he was among the first to picture in his imagination the America that was to be, when the population should take possession of the great interior valleys. Ecclesiastical statesman that he was, second only to Wesley himself, he mastered the problem before the older churches were aware of its existence. When the first waves of the mighty westward migration rolled through the passes of the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies and spread over the rich lands on the Western Waters it was Francis Asbury whose prophetic eye forecast that here was to be the real seat of imperial America which has just wrenched itself free from Britain. He felt it to be his duty as a captain of the hosts of Israel to see to it that these migrating peoples should not separate themselves from the religious institutions which had formed the civilization of the English colonies. With this conviction he accompanied or followed closely these empire builders. No soldier or surveyor was more familiar than he with the mountain trails. Even when years gathered about him and his physical powers began to fail under the hardships of frontier life, he was always pressing on into the West, organizing new circuits, districts and conferences, in order to plant Christianity at the center of the new commonwealths. To be sure the cool New Englanders who wrote our American histories for us for a hundred years, were for some reason neither discerning enough or generous enough to understand or estimate the significance of this factor in the making of the nation, but we are coming into our own in these broader times. Macmaster could not write his *History of the People of the United States* without mentioning Francis Asbury's part in it. Professor

Edward Channing in the fifth volume of his great History, recently issued, has an appreciative passage on this subject. But the classic recognition of the work of Asbury and the forces under his direction is from that least provincial of modern Americans, Theodore Roosevelt. You have heard the words often. I heard them fall from the speaker's own lips in Washington in 1908. Listen to them again, on this the sixty-third anniversary of his birth: "Methodism in America entered on its period of rapid growth just about the time of Washington's first presidency. Its essential democracy, its fiery and restless energy of spirit, and the wide play that it gave to individual initiative, all tended to make it peculiarly congenial to a hardy and virile folk, democratic to the core, prizing individual independence above all early possessions, and engaged in the rough and stern work of conquering a continent. Methodism spread even among the old communities and the long-settled districts of the Atlantic tide-water; but its phenomenal growth was from these regions westward. The whole country is under a debt of gratitude to the Methodist circuit-riders, the Methodist pioneer preachers, whose movement westward kept pace with the movement of the frontier, who shared all the hardships in the life of the frontiersman, while at the same time ministering to that frontiersman's spiritual needs, and seeing that his pressing material cares and the hard and grinding poverty of his life did not wholly extinguish the divine fire within his soul."

4. There were qualities in this new comer which were to make him an unsurpassed leader of men. Trusting God supremely, and confident in himself, being convinced by the experience of British Methodism that the Wesleyan discipline was, if not divine, at least the best yet devised by the human brain, he applied it in America with salutary vigor. He discovered a tendency among the preachers to settle in comfort in the cities, whereas he was convinced that conditions in America required a circulation of the preachers. And this he brought to pass. But his own compliance with the rules which he required others to obey, his industry which exacted of no one such arduous tasks as he freely imposed upon himself, his crystal-clear simplicity of purpose, his evident zeal to know and do the will of God, won for him the confidence, loyalty and devotion of his

fellow workers to a remarkable degree. Authority he asserted, and authority he exercised whenever in his opinion it was necessary. But there was that about the personality of the leader which conciliated the favor of his followers. They took orders from him the more willingly because they believed in the sincerity of his intentions, and unselfishness of his aims, and the wisdom of his policies—a wisdom which as time went on was amply vindicated.

5. Above all his other qualities, the one which kept them all in efficient action for upwards of 40 years, was the unwearying and indomitable spirit of the man. He was always at it. He was in himself the fulfilment of the epigrammatical description of Methodism as "Christianity in earnest." Though a prey to physical ailments which were painfully aggravated by the hardships of travel, he was always on the road. It might be said of him more truthfully than of any cavalry commander that his headquarters were in the saddle." For from the day of his landing to the day of his death in a roadside cabin in Virginia he never had a home of his own. After his election as bishop he traveled with scarcely any intermission from Canada to the Carolinas, and from the Hudson and the Delaware to the Ohio and the Cumberland. For a generation it was his habit to preside at every annual conference. He was acquainted with every traveling preacher. His personality was their inspiration. His coming brought to them the news of the other conferences, for "The Christian Advocate" was not yet. His activity was their incentive and their example. In the last year of his life, when he was already past 70, he notes in his journal at Zanesville, Ohio, "We reckon that since the 20th of June (seven weeks) we have passed through New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Ohio, making 900 miles, 200 of which ought in our opinion to be called the worst on the continent." It had been so from the beginning. He had been always studying, preaching, planning, visiting, traveling, never for himself, always in fulfilment of that guiding purpose—"I am going to live to God and to bring others so to do." His whole wonderful life squares with that initial declaration as with a straightedge. This man above all others in our history "obeyed at eve the voice obeyed at prime."

Francis Asbury's traveling chaise was no stranger in these parts. Antiquarians have traced his routes through the Jerseys where he preached frequently in every county town. Doubtless the historic highway which passes these grounds has resounded to the hurrying hoof-beats of his steed. It may be questioned whether he was ever actually within this enclosure, though there are cherished traditions of his visits to homes in this vicinity. But surely his spirit is no stranger here. For more than fifty years young men whose hearts the love of God has touched even as his heart was touched, in his boyhood in his cottage home, and who like him have obeyed the call to Go preach, have resorted hither to be prepared for their life work. Here they have found teachers who had Asbury's love of truth, his sure faith in God, and his power to impress the lives of others. From this place they have gone forth to the number of thousands, as he went forth, to serve their fellow men in the same spirit and with the same motive which sent him on his great career. Times have changed since the way-worn bishop laid himself down to die. New phrasings of old truths have come into vogue, but this seminary still stands for the faith which inspired Francis Asbury to live his great life, a life whose greatness is scarcely yet recognized. Here with larger commutations, the youth of the 20th century like the youth of the 18th are taking for themselves the Asburian vow, "to live to God, and to bring others so to do."

It is natural to look upon yonder noble Gateway as the entrance to these beautiful and hallowed precincts. But in the larger sense this gateway opens outward. For this seminary's chief glory consists in its product, the students whom it trains and sends forth. May it ever be that those who go out through that portal which we dedicate today shall carry in their breasts something of the spiritual vigor, something of breadth of horizon, something of the power to lead, something of the organizing genius, and something of the undiscourageable energy of the Francis Asbury.

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At the request of Mrs. Bowne the Reverend Frank Mason North, D.D., LL.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and for many years a close personal friend

of Mr. Bowne, made the presentation of the Memorial Gateway. His address was as follows:

ADDRESS OF DR. NORTH

Mr. President,

President Tipple, Trustees, Faculty, Students, Friends all:

But one such hour as this comes in the lifetime of man or school. Even here, among the memories and memorials of glorious and sacred years, its significance is unique—like yonder arch, it stands alone. Who would not find today in his heart a strange quietness, upon his lips a restraint of speech, even when she, the gracious friend of this school of high ideals and ardent thought, bids him for her to frame the words of presentation?

One runs rare risks who touches the key of the locked places of a thousand memories. A whispered name, the breath of a rose, a bird fluttering across the slanting bars of light and shadow, the echo of a footstep, a withered flower between the leaves of a book long unread, a path stretching into the forest—and straightway the magic of remembrance works its will! The men of the present give place and you confront those other men who have long been silent. You look down these cathedral aisles, and out from the shadows move familiar forms which you thought were no longer in your vision—so vivid and so vital that you say, as did he who imagined that among the returning passengers of the ship he might see his lost friend:

“And I perceived no touch of change,  
No hint of death in all his frame,  
But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strange.”

But as we think of the one man who grips our hearts anew today, we well know that it is not the trick of the poet's fancy, the play of the shadows on a screen, at which we are looking, but the expression of a noble spirit in the permanent objects and influences in the realm of the actual—of what is, not of what seems. In the poignant days of our early sorrow—it is a decade and a year since Samuel W. Bowne seemed to leave us—I spoke of him in words that I venture to repeat:

“His activities of life were from the earliest years marked

by penetration, energy, sympathy. He saw for himself and thought for himself. His was a ceaselessly busy and curious intellect. He was unrelenting in his purpose to command his own resources of life and mind, not through the senseless dogmatism which wealth and culture sometimes produce, but with the conviction of a responsibility to God of which he believed no one else could justly relieve him. He was master of the threshold of his own hospitable life, but the door moved easily both ways. The world's thronging needs found constant welcome; the swift messengers of help were ever hurrying out upon their happy errands."

Such a man does not become a memory. He went away. We surmise that he was needed elsewhere. Personality does not cease. The potential energies of a soul are never lost.

"So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be,  
How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou wert strong as thou wert true!"

Today it all comes back! He lived himself into the things he did. It chanced that I was often with him, listened to his demonstration of each thesis of beneficence which he had set himself to prove. At Drew, first the Dormitory, as fine as the best a generation ago, and, I am told by those whose practiced judgment I respect—superlative when measured by the sleep and study places of Embury and Asbury! Then came the Gymnasium, drawn, framed, and equipped out of his personal conviction that pulse and nerve and physical self-control were as essential to clear thinking and true evangelism as mastery of logic or familiarity with "the original tongues." The graceful lines of the English classic building which is now known as Samuel W. Bowne Hall were the projection of his own purpose to provide a social setting for the intellectual life. And, once again, in an instrument of law which acted when he could no longer act, he compressed so skillfully some part of that wealth to the potency of which he was ever keenly alive and by which he was never enslaved, that year by year he gives anew out of the produce of his business genius. To one who shared his

thoughts before his first blue prints were drawn, this Forest seems responsive to a familiar presence. Here a strong man's convictions are extant. Here his faith is crystallized. Here his love is embodied. The generations cannot escape his deeds nor, however unaware, be unmoved by the power of his personality.

And now she, the companion of his thought and life, who studied with him the plans for the first two buildings and, when he was no longer by her side, with the loyalty of an affection which death could not change, devised and completed the third, presents to this Seminary a fourth structure, erected not by him, but for him, a memorial in chaste and solid strength of what he did, a symbol of what he was and what we believe him to be.

His were the principles of faith and service which, grounded on immovable foundations, reached upward and, joining, completed an unbroken circuit of consecrated life. He was the gateway through whom men now strong and honored in many fields entered upon the paths of learning and of action. One who, as a close business associate, could speak with authority publicly stated at the time of Mr. Bowne's death, "He has given, to my knowledge, outside of his public benefactions, to over twenty thousand people, in every walk in life." But among these and beyond them were the many young men and women to whom the training of the schools was only possible by his skilled beneficence.

His was the character which, wrought out of the rugged materials of the struggles and fellowships of the common life of men and adorned with the emblems of a simple and historic faith, stands forth in a certain singular and impressive integrity to declare, so that he who runs may read, the law of life and the command of the Gospel, "Freely ye have received; freely give."

Mr. President, this arched gateway which today Mrs. Bowne out of her bounty and her love presents to you and through you to this school of prophets, is built for the years and only the years can discover and record its significance. It carries upon its imposing front the armorial bearings of high scholarship, of ardent devotion, of sacrificial, personal life

—of Oxford, of the Crusaders, of John Wesley. Its historic emblems, quaint, mystic, holy, bring forward to our own age the challenge of saint and martyr and hero, and even to the casual observer will tell something of the church of the wilderness, of the catacombs, of the empires, of the world. Lifted where none can fail to read are the words from the book of God, "Send out Thy light and Thy truth," the burning center from which all other books must take their light. Upon these signs of the ancient faith, these signals of the new day, the first beams of the morning sun will strike and upon them the lengthening shadows of the forest will reverently fall when "day is dying in the West." But in night and day here will stand the Testimony of our Faith, the "open door," not for trade, not for the Orient, but for faith, for learning, for the world—for disciple to enter, for apostle to go forth; the arch unshaken and unbroken—the completed life; the hatchments of scholarship, the symbols of hope, of revelation, of beliefs, of sacrifice, of prophecy, of immortality.

Here in the open! Not on the walls of some chambers of the dead, not in the dusk of some fane of superstition, not in the yellowing pages of some ancient manuscript, but on the roadside where the multitudes pass, under the broad reaches of the sky whose remotest blue, whose farthest star halts this side the limit of our faith. The first great ordination was under the open sky.

These signs and symbols of the faith will know the fellowship of oak and beech, of elm and maple; the sentinels of cedar will guard them; here by all that is fine and beautiful and significant in the world which God has made will the truth which Christ has taught and lived be enshrined.

May we not dare to hope that another has been added to the great teachers of this school—a teacher from out the silences of God? Shall one, passing through this gateway, find himself saying, "The Entrance of Thy Word giveth light?" May it come to another to be looking through this arch and to hear, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved and shall go in and out and shall find pasture?" Will some spirit, just unshackled, feeling his way, remember how once one moved out from his cell towards the gate of the prison,

and "it opened to him of its own accord?" Who can help thinking of the jewelled gates which give upon the golden streets of the Eternal City? How shall one escape the exultant emotion, as his soul shouts, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!"

Mr. President, President Tipple:

Mrs. Bowne commissions me in her name to present to Drew Theological Seminary this gateway to your noble school—a memorial to her husband—

SAMUEL W. BOWNE.

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Bishop Luther B. Wilson, who was to have accepted the Gateway on behalf of the Board of Trustees, was unable to be present on account of illness, and at the last moment the Reverend Fred Clare Baldwin, D.D., the beloved and efficient Superintendent of the Newark District of the Newark Conference, consented to speak in his stead. It is to be regretted that his fine address was not in manuscript and we are unable therefore to publish it.

Following the services in the Seminary Chapel, the large audience present marched to the Gateway where the services of dedication were conducted by Dr. Baldwin.

The pictures which are shown on the front and back covers give little idea of the beauty and grandeur of this Memorial Gateway, which in very truth is a new entrance to the "New Drew."



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THE SAMUEL W. BOWNE MEMORIAL GATEWAY FROM THE CAMPUS